

# The Churchman

The Faith once delivered to the Saints.

## The Churchman

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### Bishop Potter on Leo XIII.

It requires a good deal of Christian patience and self-control to read without feelings of irritation or even anger the letter in which the Bishop of Rome calmly renders his unasked opinion on Anglican orders. Assumption is always a somewhat provoking thing to put up with in those who are known to have no real claim to the position they assume. "I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my lips let no dog bark," is a way of speaking which in this nineteenth century belongs to comedy and not real life. The really wise man is exceedingly modest, and no one claims omniscience but the dotard or the absolute fool. In his convention address the Bishop of New York spoke with striking moderation about this last utterance of Pope Leo. He did not charge the Bishop of Rome with infatuation, historical recklessness, self-contradiction. When Kingsley accused John Henry Newman of having besotted his own intelligence by indulgence in sophistical refinements, he spoke harshly, but there was a good deal of truth in what he said. Clear-headed and well-informed men often have little patience with the intrusive and aggravating self-delusions of arrogance and ignorance. Bishop Potter calmly expressed his satisfaction in "the unshrinking frankness" with which the Roman oracle has spoken. Fate indeed never laid a deeper pitfall for a false prophet to tumble into, than that into which his Holiness has recently blundered. The affliction of mental blindness was never more mournfully exemplified; the frankness of folly never so undisguisedly exhibited. Yet we have no words of ridicule for what in the theological world is as ridiculous as anything we can imagine. We share with Bishop Potter the satisfaction which the statesman feels when his antagonist drops the mask. We acknowledge with the Bishop of New York "the kindly purpose" of this benevolent blunderer; we discern also "the narrow and provincial" view which the Holy Office and its spokesman are compelled to take. We also condemn as "fatuous and unmanly" the procedure of those who have thought that the Pope is to be the arbiter in matters relating to the most vital truths and institutions of the Anglo-Saxon Church.

### "The Tablet" on Anglican Orders.

We postpone to a future occasion a full and exhaustive consideration of the subject of Anglican orders as viewed from a Roman standpoint. The Roman Catholic press have already accepted the decision of Pope Leo XIII. as "a foregone conclusion"—such is the expression used by the Tablet. But the Tablet is either ignorant or untruthful when it declares the Church of England, "for much more than two hundred years (after the Reformation) was in its entirety as Protestant as Lutheranism," for this, if it means anything, implies that Anglicanism viewed the sacred ministry as Luther viewed it, namely, to the repudiation of the episcopate. Lutheranism has always been Presbyterian, and has practically held the theory of parity. Against this theory the Prayer Book has maintained the threefold ministry of bishops, priests and deacons, as of apostolic order and authority. What candid student of Anglican formularies, and who that knows anything about the practice and government of the Anglican Church, will hesitate flatly to contradict the Tablet when that journal proceeds to say that "the elder Anglicans desired to have nothing at all resembling the episcopate and priesthood of the Church of Rome or even of the schismatical (*sic*) Eastern Churches"? So far as the Roman and Eastern Churches maintain the succession of the first three centuries, Anglicans have always had and always desired to keep unimpaired the same episcopate and the priesthood with them in all their full character and office. The Tablet is writing palpable nonsense to affirm the contrary. As to the question of "intention"—for this journal attributes to "want of intention" the invalidity of the Anglican ordinations—no Roman theologian has ever quite clearly defined what is meant by intention. Is intention something subjectively present in the mind of the ordainers, or does it pertain as something external to the form of the office used in ordinations? We can scarcely imagine a bishop in his right mind calling a public assembly for the purpose of solemnly setting apart a man for the exercise of the sacred ministry and using all the ceremonies appointed for the act, without some intention of ordaining a priest or deacon, or consecrating a bishop. The intention lies behind the will, as the will prompts the act. Pope Leo XIII. seems to hold that the personal intention of the ordainer or consecrator is not the point in question. The intention needed is the intention indicated by the tone and tenor of the rite itself. "A sacrament (*e.g.*, ordination) is truly conferred by the ministry of one who is a heretic and unbaptized, provided the Catholic rite is employed." This makes confusion worse confounded. A heretic, who believes neither in the priesthood nor the episcopate,

and has not been made a member of the Church by baptism, may yet validly ordain to the priesthood, because "the Church does not judge about the mind and intention, in so far as it is something by its nature internal; but in so far as it is manifested externally she is bound to judge concerning it." Yet Leo XIII. makes a distinction between the intention and the form used, while according to his own statement they are identical, or at least inseparable, since they are external and not internal things, and both found together or missed together in a Catholic rite, or a mutilated and un-Catholic rite. Such arguments are trifling and absurd.

The Tablet, like its master, uses words without meaning. We are not afraid that such false, stupid and irrelevant statements can have an effect in shaking the confidence of Anglo-Saxon Churchmen in the validity of the orders of the Anglo-Saxon Church. We believe that this last pronouncement of the Roman see will only arouse in these Churchmen a larger courage, and confidence in their true and apostolic ministry.

### The Czar's Visit to England.

When Nicholas I. visited England more than fifty years ago, he did so for the specific purpose of discussing great political problems, of winning the favor and support of the British nation, and of disarming Englishmen of some of those brutal prejudices with which they were accustomed to look upon "the Russian Bear." Since that time a great change has come over public opinion and public sentiment about Russia. If she is justly feared, she is also respected in the British Isles. The courts of St. James and of St. Petersburg have become allied by natural ties, and the party at Balmoral was a family party. Nicholas II. became, as far as it was possible to the autocrat of a vast dominion, no more than a private individual. Yet kings and emperors are only flesh and blood, and the personal element is always a factor in the most exalted sphere of politics. We are not to suppose that the young Czar discussed the European situation with his relations and with Lord Salisbury as candidly and unreservedly as Nicholas I. talked with and questioned Sir Robert Peel, Lord Aberdeen and Prince Albert in 1844. Lord Salisbury was present at Balmoral not as an official member of a political conference. Yet there are already rumors that the gathering at Balmoral had some significance in the question of European peace. The present ruler of Russia is a deeply religious man; he cannot, of course, any more than other monarchs, cut the knot of every international tangle with the sword of the Spirit, unless he acts in co-operation with older and more experienced advisers. Yet personal friendship and good-will between kings and their peoples goes a great way towards the pres-

## A FANATIC AND HER MISSION.

## A Story Historical.

BY JANE MARSH PARKER.

Some twenty years ago, I became custodian of a package of old letters which had been collected with much painstaking, for the biography of a woman prominently identified with one of the great religious delusions of the century—a woman whose importance as a religious leader was so greatly exaggerated by the careful and enthusiastic collector of her papers, and the facts of her strange experience, that his family was led to doubt, at times, if his estimate of her place in history might be relied upon.

Just when he had reached the point of beginning at last the writing of his exhaustive biography—"Clorinda S. Minor; Martyr and Prophet of these Last Days"—he was called from this life, too suddenly to choose a custodian for his papers. In the settlement of his estate they fell to me, to my great dissatisfaction. Not long since, in clearing out the attic corner where those papers had lain undisturbed so long, my impulse to throw them into the rubbish basket was restrained by a sense of obligation to their collector—the feeling that they should have cursory examination at least, before destruction. And then, who knew but a priceless autograph or a rare stamp might come to light?

What I resolved should be a hasty scanning became an absorbing reading. Then a few friends were called in to read with me. The result is the offering of this summary of the journals, letters, etc., to the readers of THE CHURCHMAN, this stray leaf from the history of a nearly forgotten but important fanaticism of the century.

## I.

Clorinda S. Minor was the high prophetess of that religious delusion called Millerism, which swept over the United States some forty years ago (1842-1845), and which has been called "the spiritual cyclone of the century." It was the outcome of the preaching of one Father Miller\* upon the unfulfilled prophecies; his lectures before crowded congregations in the Eastern and Middle States, his sounding of what he called "the Midnight Cry"—warning the world that time would end A.D. 1843—all of which he made plain as a simple sum in addition, by a grotesque chart, upon which were crudely depicted the beasts of Apocalyptic and prophetic vision. He had a marvellous gift in making sequence of scriptural texts—that honest believer in an infallible Bible and its most literal translation. By the close of 1842 he had something like fifty thousand followers; the most of them had been Baptists or Methodists of good standing. These heroically gave proof of their faith in Father Miller's gospel, as a rule, by ceasing to make any provision whatever for future life on a planet doomed to destruction within a few months at the most; leaving their farms untilled, their crops ungarnered, taking their children from school, and not infrequently selling their homes, devoting the proceeds to "plucking brands from the burning."

The humiliating disappointment of the Millerites, when *the last day* went by, was hardly comprehended by scoffers at the delusion. Gradually the movement subsided into oblivion, and

great was the wreck it left behind. Its main survival is the myth of the Ascension robe, which has become so interwoven in song and story it is likely to pass into history as a fact, for all the evidence that has been produced to the contrary.\*

The insight into the greatly misunderstood movement which these old letters and journals afford gives them historic value. Where, as in the annals of a fanaticism, may the students of the spiritual trend of an epoch reach so surely the well-springs of mighty currents which, with all the disaster they have wrought, may often be counted among the blessings of humanity?

Evidently the collector of these papers had in mind a voluminous biography. This summary shall be as brief as possible.

## II.

We who read the old papers together were deeply impressed by the similitude between Mrs. Minor's experience and that of the Lady Paula of the fourth century. Lady Paula, it will be remembered, was one of that circle of high-born Roman women who were bidden to the palace of the illustrious Marcella to hear Jerome, the convert of Athanasius, and his monks of the desert preach with fiery fervor the Gospel of that day, the Gospel of severe asceticism, of complete renunciation of the world, even by flight to the wilderness, and the caves of the mountains, the more desolate the better. The companionship of wild beasts and scorpions, according to Father Jerome, would do more for the soul's salvation than family, kindred and home. Through listening to Father Jerome in the palace of Marcella, the Lady Paula became a convert to his teachings—just as our Mrs. Minor, fifteen hundred years later, through accepting the invitation of a woman of high social standing in Philadelphia to study Father Miller's doctrines with a carefully chosen circle, became a convert to a faith for which she ultimately made a sacrifice as complete as that of the Lady Paula, giving up her former life, and all its pleasant relations, to identify herself with a derided and despised people.

"Everybody is going to hear Father Miller," we read in one of these old letters, written from Philadelphia in 1842, by a relative of Mrs. Minor's, to a mutual friend, and but a few days before Mrs. Commodore Z† invited a chosen and select circle to her elegant home for a fresh diversion, even a study of the new Gospel everybody was talking about, and which it had not as yet become the fashion to ridicule. (Leading Protestant churches of Boston, New York and Philadelphia had been thrown open to the lecturer, who would take no compensation above his travelling expenses, and who could not begin to supply the demands upon him—great revivals following his labors.) "Mrs. Z. and her set are conspicuous in their attendance upon the Miller lectures, and that has made them fashionable, as a matter of course. . . . Mrs. Z. is giving much serious thought to the unfulfilled prophecies just now. Many believe she is actually a convert to Millerism. Be that as it may, she is to have Bible Readings for awhile, and we who are among the favored are to sing the hymns of the believers—wonderfully

thrilling hymns they are, too; and as Mrs. Z. is to lead, with that deep, rich contralto of hers—well, don't you see, dear Polly, that very soon we are likely to be 'a-trimming of our lamps and going forth to meet the bridegroom'?"

Now Mrs. Minor would never have written so flippantly of anything relating to her religious life; a dignified seriousness was evidently a marked trait of her character. She had been reared in sternest puritanism; her heredity and training were those of the average New England woman of flawless orthodoxy; she gladly became one of Mrs. Z.'s reading circle, and was the first, perhaps the only one, to confess entire faith in Father Miller's doctrines. . . . It does not appear in any of these old letters that there were others of the circle who, like her, resolved upon casting their lot openly with the Millerites; attending their services in a public hall upon Sundays; scattering their literature; calling the humblest and most illiterate of the believers "brother" or "sister," all of which, to Mrs. Minor, meant divorce from her former life, and bitter censure and stinging ridicule. "Believe it all if you must," was the general tenor of the remonstrance of her friends, even that of the circle, "but don't make the break which never can be repaired. Don't separate from your church—don't be eccentric." To have heeded which would have been foreign to her nature, and as impossible as only secret fasting and hidden penance would have been to the Lady Paula. No, as one gave up forever the palatial luxury in which she had always lived, and clothed herself in "a tunic of rushes, coarse-woven like a mat," and set forth at once by desert-ways for Bethlehem; so our Mrs. Minor, believing that the Day of the Lord was verily at the door, could not be restrained from standing boldly on the foremost of the watch-towers of her Zion, and proclaiming to a lost world its near and impending doom. What to her was sacrifice of social caste? She gloried in martyrdom; was unconsciously longing to actualize her individuality in such a rôle.

A happy wife and mother when she became a convert to Millerism, she never proved inadequate to the new and unique demands upon her time, and the privacy of her home—particularly by the pilgrim-preachers of both sexes, to whom she gave unstinted hospitality, and that with no little sacrifice of personal comfort. Her husband never accepted her views; nor did he persecute her, nor oppose her. He stood loyally by her side from first to last. He was a well-to-do merchant of Philadelphia, who did not live to see the evolution of what he had evidently so placidly, yet affectionately, regarded in its beginnings as the inevitable development of a nature no one understood so well as he, nor venerated so sincerely, even when it led to what he could but regret.

A mystic by nature, an enthusiast by temperament, she had never before had opportunity to fully actualize her individuality. The excitement of the great meetings of the fanaticism in which she soon became the favorite speaker, rapt in the vision of prophecy oftentimes, seemed to feed her soul's hunger as nothing ever had before. She did not grow weary, nor faint. She wrote incessantly for "the cause." Her hymns were rather above the heads of those for whom they were intended, and failed in being as popular as others; as that one, for instance, "You will see your Lord a-coming," sung to the tune of the "Old Granite State." She would have suppressed that hymn if she could. She

\* "Did the Millerites wear Ascension robes?" recently has had thorough discussion; and it seems to have been incontrovertibly proven that the Ascension robe is a myth—the creation of the scoffers at Millerism, particularly those of the press.

† I will give the real name if it is called for. Many old Philadelphians will identify Mrs. Commodore Z.

\* See Appleton's "Encyclopædia of Biography."

stood for the highest altitude of the movement; and her contributions to its various daily and weekly periodicals elevated their general tone. How could those who knew her well help asking: What will she do when the day goes by? How will she sustain the fearful reaction? Would she be equal to the humiliating disappointment, the collapse of faith?

So little we know of the delusion of Millerism to-day, save what we get from writers of fiction, and misleading traditions, that anything like a clear portraiture of what it really was must be of value to the student of modern fanaticisms and their evolution. Fragmentary but striking descriptions of many episodes of the movement are to be found in these letters—one describing Mrs. Minor during what she believed to be the last hour of the last day, with a striking picture of her surroundings in the great tent out on the campground in the suburbs of Philadelphia.

(To be continued.)

#### "ENCOURAGE HIM" (Deut. i. 38).

BY THE REV. JOHN PARKER.

God loves you, and would make your life  
A glad and sure success.  
He asks your love, your faith, your trust;  
This done, and He will bless  
And guide your steps in paths of truth.  
Happy such life, begun in youth.  
Thrice happy, when thy noon is passed  
And thou art nearing home at last.  
He guides your steps in paths unknown,  
Nor may you ask Him why:  
He may not keep your eyes from tears  
Nor save your heart from sigh;  
But, cheer'd by thoughts of Father's love  
Your tireless feet shall press  
The path made radiant by His smile,  
The holy path—without defile.  
Bring all your weakness, fears and doubts  
And put them at His feet.  
Then, like a wearied child, repose  
In trust and faith complete;  
And He will welcome all your needs  
And all your needs supply.  
His love, that for your soul could bleed,  
Could for your safety die.  
No fear need chill your soul's content,  
Nor hush your joyful song.  
He knows your need, He hears your plaint;  
He watches all day long.  
The guile and hate of all your foes  
Their cruel craft, your Father knows.  
Thus hid beneath His sheltering wing,  
Without a care thy heart may sing,  
Sing of His love, His power and grace,  
His guiding hand and tender care;  
Of God, as near in every place;  
And kept by Him from every snare.  
Look to the cross, and thou shalt see  
These tokens of His love for thee;  
With brand of blood upon thy brow,  
Rejoice, for He will save thee now.

#### THE EUCHARISTIC VOICES OF THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.

BY THE REV. MAUNSELL VAN RENSSELAER,  
D.D., LL.D.

#### THE NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

##### THE COLLECT.

O God, forasmuch as without Thee we are not able to please Thee; Mercifully grant that Thy Holy Spirit may in all things direct and rule our hearts; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The Eucharistic Lesson of to-day is the great object which should engage all our energies of soul and body; our weakness and insufficiency of ourselves to do it; and the strength by which we may attain it. Our aim must be to please God: our weakness and insufficiency are such that "without" Him,

i.e., separated from Him, apart from Him, we are not able to do it; and our strength is in His Holy Spirit, who "in all things directs and rules our hearts." Hence the prayer, "O God, forasmuch as without Thee we are not able to please Thee, mercifully grant that Thy Holy Spirit may in all things direct and rule our hearts."

Taking the clue from the Gospel, we find a most striking and impressive interpretation of the doctrines and petitions of the collect. What more complete instance of human feebleness and helplessness can be found than the man sick with palsy who was brought to Jesus, lying on a pallet and borne by the four friends with importunate intercession? He could not even raise his palsied hands in humble entreaty. The first words of our Lord revealed the relation between the bodily and the spiritual malady. He was palsied not only in his body by his sickness, but also in his soul by sin, so that he could not do the things which he would. Before he could "arise and walk" he must have his sins forgiven.

Our blessed Lord was surrounded by a crowd of scribes and Pharisees who were sure to cavil at what He was about to say. And yet He said it calmly, firmly, lovingly, knowing all that was in their hearts, "Son, be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee." His faith and the faith of his helpers had drawn out that most merciful word which declared with authority his release from his spiritual palsy. But the unbelieving onlookers said to themselves, as the Lord knew they would, "This man blasphemeth; who can forgive sins but God only?" Perfectly true: but was not this Absolver God Himself? And He, "knowing their thoughts," rebuked them, and, to show both His forgiving and His healing power, commanded the forgiven penitent, "Arise, take up thy bed, and go unto thine house. And he arose, and departed to his house," having put off the old man, and having put on the new man, renewed in the spirit of his mind to "run and not be weary, to walk and not faint" in the way of life.

The marvellous change from the stupor and helplessness of the soul palsied by presumptuous sin to the freedom and strength which absolution brings it through faith in Jesus Christ, is more particularly set forth by St. Paul in the Epistle: "Vanity of mind," "darkened understanding," "ignorance through blindness of heart," "alienation from God," "greedy in unbelief, past feeling." Lying, stealing, unrestrained anger, foul language, bitterness, clamor, evil speaking, malice, he enumerates as holding in bondage the unforgiven soul. From this the word of absolution sets free, as it did the palsied man, for it is always the word of the Incarnate God, the Son of Man who first uttered it on the earth. And whether spoken by Him or His priests by His command, the Holy Spirit seals, as He sealed it at first, and makes it effectual to the penitent.

Therefore we pray, as having learned Christ, having heard Him, and having been taught of Him as the truth is in Jesus, that His "Holy Spirit may in all things direct and rule our hearts." For this He was given in Holy Baptism when we were born again of water and of the Spirit; He confirmed us with His sevenfold gifts in the laying-on of hands; He comes to us whenever we pray our Father for Him, as Christ has promised, "Your Heavenly Father shall give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him." So David prayed in his peni-

tence, "Take not Thy Holy Spirit from me," "Stablish me with Thy free Spirit," "Let Thy loving Spirit lead me forth into the land of righteousness."

The Spirit of God must "in all things direct and rule our hearts" in the right way, or we cannot be pleasing to God. "In all things," we say, because no one can serve two masters, and we are not led by the Spirit if we follow any other leader. His direction we must watch, His rule we must obey. Christ has sent Him to be our "other Comforter," our Paraclete, our Helper "in the good way" which only can lead to the life everlasting. He is "the Spirit of grace and supplication" by whom we are taught to "pray as we ought," who "maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered." He is "the Spirit of truth," who has been sent to "lead us into all truth," and "bring all things to remembrance, whatsoever Christ hath said." As "the Spirit of wisdom," He enables us to "Perceive and know what things we ought to do," and as "the Spirit of strength and might," He enables us to do them, and to keep a clear conscience in overcoming the temptations that so easily beset us. He gives us understanding to see the true meaning of God's holy Word as proving the Catholic faith, and its lessons to ourselves, guiding us with His "counsel" in our darkness and perplexities. His "fruits" are "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance"; and we are "sealed by Him unto the day of redemption" at the coming of the Lord.

#### CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

##### SUNDAY TALKS

##### ON THE LIFE OF A HERO.

After St. Paul left Asia, his life seems to have taken a new color. So far we have seen him triumphing over every difficulty. He has passed through the cities of Asia and Europe and planned the Gospel wherever he has been. It may be well to consider for a few moments how the infant Church began in each community. It is quite certain that wherever any of the apostles, and especially St. Paul went, a Church government was at once established. There were elders or presbyters, deacons and deaconesses in every church. The presbyters celebrated the Sacraments and preached, the deacons looked after the poor and helped the presbyters in divine service, the women sometimes, like the daughters of Philip, prophesied or preached, and particularly helped in ministering to the wants of the apostles and teachers. From the board of presbyters in each local church were eventually chosen bishops, like Timothy and Titus, who, when the apostles were absent, could carry on the government of the Church. These bishops, from whom our own bishops to-day are canonically descended, ordained presbyters, rebuked wrong-doers, and maintained the standard of sound doctrine.

A liturgy or office for the celebration of the Holy Communion probably existed in the time of St. Paul, and may have been compiled by him. There is a liturgy, still existing, which many learned men attribute to the great Apostle of the Gentiles. A creed was certainly drawn up and used in the apostolic Church. There are traces of hymns and creeds in the writings of St. Paul. A form of sound words must

turned toward him and asked, "Are you sure that will be enough?"

He hesitated a moment.

"Yes, quite enough," he answered, hoarsely.

The time was endless until her return, and he kept glancing at the open door. His dejection had vanished. He had taken heart at her readiness to assist him. His head was raised, alert and listening for the slightest sound; but in his uncontrollable impatience he bit his nails to the quick.

At last she came.

The serenity of human kindness smiled upon her face as she beckoned to him, before cautiously descending the step. She had enclosed the cheque in an envelope. That looked so much less like lending money. She carelessly handed it to him between her long, thin fingers.

"Come, I must not keep you."

Her tone was dictatorial, as it sometimes used to be with Charity. She did not give him time to speak, but, taking his arm, turned toward the entrance gates.

"I have handed over my hoard; so now, until you bring me more, I shall be penniless," she laughed gaily. Then her voice sank into a whisper, tender and confidential. "But make what use you like of it. What you have told me quite troubles me, Henry. It makes me feel that things have not been just. It is wrong, of course, but the very poor do not appeal to me like people who have been affluent and become pinched. That seems so painful—to be straitened and pinched. I could never have lived if I had been driven to worry about pennies. But there is nothing to save for now. Graham will have plenty. Charity you have seen to. There is nothing wanting—that money can supply. And my little superfluity, I suppose, may make all the difference to you?"

They were at the corner of the house, and she stopped, waiting for an answer to her inquiry.

But her kindness touched him. He looked quite dazed, and could not speak.

"Will not that make it right? At least, whilst I am here. And then Graham is goodness itself."

She spoke so cheerfully, making the best of it to comfort a sad heart, that he made an effort to cover his confusion.

"God bless you, Helen! God bless you!" he stammered, with emotion.

She held out her hand quickly, to prevent his thanks.

"Good-by."

"Good-by."

He was so deadly white, and stared at her so strangely that she was filled with alarm. He staggered as he turned toward the gate.

Between the stable-yard and the Babbemouth road is a low stone wall, and above it a slanting laurel hedge. There, a short distance away, Jan Sprake was trimming back pretentious shoots which pressed before their fellows.

"You are not well. You ought not to walk in the sun. Let me have you driven," she urged, anxiously.

He shook his head in refusal. "I—I did not wish my visit known," was all he said. Then he waved his hand to her and was gone.

Jan Sprake peered down at him inquisitively as he passed down the road.

Beside the laurel hedge he stopped, opened the envelope Miss Graham had given him, and drew out "a long leaf o' paper like." He was so close that Jan could have read the wording himself, if he "had but a bin a bit of a scholar." His hand shook like an ague. The man cried like the rain.

"Poor Helen! Poor little Helen!"

Those were the words he muttered, Jan could take his Bible oath of it, any day of the week. Then of a sudden he tore the paper into shreds, and threw them fluttering upon the roadside. For many a summer day the tiny pink scraps lay there amongst the dusty grass in silent testimony to the truth of Jan Sprake's statement. And Poltimore-Briggs did not go straight home to Babbemouth. He turned off where a lane leads to the pathway over the cliff. Jan Sprake stood among the laurels and, wondering, watched him out of sight.

On the afternoon of the following day there rustled around Babbemouth a rumor so ridiculous that no one with any sense in his head could find patience to listen to it. Nevertheless, being constantly repeated, it grew and grew. It was said that bailiffs had been in the house of Mr. Poltimore-Briggs for a week past, and a sheriff's officer was aboard the yacht.

Certainly this had been kept marvelously quiet, but things will leak out at last. Servants will talk. A leading tradesman of the town first got wind of it, and without delay strolled mysteriously down to the house to present his little account. Mr. Poltimore-Briggs was not in. The man would wait. Mr. Poltimore-Briggs was away from home.

The matter was of particular importance, and could Mrs. Poltimore-Briggs grant the favor of Mr. Poltimore-Briggs's present address? But Mr. Poltimore-Briggs had been called unexpectedly to London, and his address was uncertain.

Before night the little town was all astir. It became known to all the world that Poltimore-Briggs, having laid hands on every penny he could get hold of, had absconded, it was believed, to Spain. And not an hour too soon. There was vague talk of money obtained by fraudulent representations, and it was no secret that a warrant had been issued for his apprehension. The place was in a ferment. Political opponents had always anticipated that something of the sort must happen one of these days. Supporters, who for the most part were also creditors, declared that he was the last man upon earth of whom any one would have thought it. There were bets at "The George" as to how soon he would be taken.

Only one person remained in ignorance of these proceedings. Little Miss Graham, happy in the belief that she had helped him over his difficulty, was the last to hear. The thing was altogether so unexpected and astounding that for the moment Mrs. Mortimer was mute.

(To be continued.)

#### THE BLESSED FRA ANGELICO BEFORE HIS OWN CHILD-PORTRAIT.

BY ELIOT WHITE.

How can I bear to look on this sweet face,  
Bent o'er the soft child-breast, with  
shining hair

For crown, that, lower, sweeps the  
shoulders bare,  
And mingling white and gold are types I  
trace

Of only purity and all love's grace?  
These eyes so dark and wide with love  
of all,

Seem with reproach alone on me to fall.  
'Tis my stain'd heart was once the dwell-  
ing place

Of all their innocence. O Thou of Grief  
The Intimate! Thou know'st my need of  
Thee,

For Thou hast said Thy Word should  
bring relief

To tears for sin, and thirst for purity.  
Thy manhood fulfilled childhood's sanc-  
tity.

Christ, I believe! Help Thou my un-  
belief!

#### A FANATIC AND HER MISSION.

A Story Historical.

BY JANE MARSH PARKER.

II.—Continued.

The daily meetings of the believers in that city, as the last day drew near, were from early morning until late at night, and were held in their chapel in Juliana street. Oct. 25, 1844, called in the parlance of the believers "the tenth day of the seventh month," had been fixed upon as the day indicated by prophecy as the time of the end. The year 1843 having gone by, it had been made plain by the leaders of the movement that the mistake had been one of chronological reckoning only, that their calculations had been according to Roman time, when Jewish time should have been taken. The latter gave 1844, instead of 1843 as the year, when "the stone should smite the image on the feet," etc. There was no lack of prophecy to show that "the tenth day of the seventh month" (Jewish) and "probably at the hour of even," say three o'clock in the afternoon, would usher in the day of doom.

These meetings in Juliana street naturally attracted a rabble, drowning at times the hallelujahs and exhortations in a babel of hilarious jeers; in all of which the believers saw a fulfilment of what had been foretold should come to pass in the last days—"even as in the days of Noah." It was finally decided to go into camp, "out on the Darby road at Kingessing," some five miles from the city; the scoffers who had turned a deaf ear to all warning must be left behind to meet their doom.

Some two hundred, men, women and children, were seen climbing into the big wagons before the chapel on that Monday morning preceding the tenth day. Their leave-taking drew a crowd to Juliana street, nor did they depart without earnest farewell exhortations to "the Sodomites of Philadelphia," who shouted back derisive predictions of what the return of the crowd would be like. One of the brethren nailed upon the shutters of his shop in Fifth street—"Closed in honor of the King of kings, who will appear about the 24th of October. Crown Him Lord of all."

Did they think, those credulous souls, that the ungodly and the sinner would stay behind, that they, too, would not seek the camp out on the Darby Road? Before the tents were pitched, there was the scoffer as hilarious as ever. But only the believers were permitted to enter the tents—"the door was shut." "Inside of the large tent," we read in one of these letters, "all was joy and peace; and as the last hour drew near, Mrs. Minor, who had spoken from the rude pulpit with rapt earnestness, and had uplifted a last prayer that hushed for a moment the babel outside, gave a parting glance to the upturned faces, and then withdrew with her husband and son to the rear of the tent. . . . She held her open watch in her hand.

. . . She had said, when winding it the night before, that it would tick out the end of time." While "the last lingering moments" were slipping by, she wrote upon her pocket tablet, with a steady hand, the hymn that for many years was a favorite with still expectant believers in the speedy coming:

"The coming events of the kingdom of God

Cast in glory their shadow before;  
And my being doth leap from its pris-  
oned abode

And the King in His beauty adore."  
And the sun went down, and darkness



fell upon the land, and yet the trumpet of Gabriel did not sound. . . . When midnight had passed and the last scouter had left the ground (not a few of the "watchers for the Bridegroom" being dangerously near napping, vigilant expectancy giving way to dreary disappointment, even in those who, like Mrs. Minor, did their best to overcome it)—a terrible wind-storm came up suddenly, a memorable hurricane in the annals of Philadelphia, unroofing houses, rending and uprooting trees—a night of terror in which much shipping in the harbor was destroyed. The tents of the camp-ground were soon a total wreck, and the shelterless, panic-stricken multitude of two hundred or more seeking refuge from the pitiless blast. Before morning many had returned to the homes they had left "forever"; the greeting of old friends and neighbors being just what might have been expected: "Drowned out, wuz ye? Didn't think, did ye, that you'd want your gums\* and umbrels on the tenth? Well, that's better than burning up all the rest of us, root and branch—isn't it now?"

All this is given by way of prelude to the journal to which this summary of a vast bulk of matter is hastening. The good, loving husband of Mrs. Minor spared her from going back to her home that night, nor was she seen by her old acquaintances for weeks after. Alone (save husband and child) she waited and watched in lodgings near the deserted camp-ground. Most marvellously her confident expectation held out. When it began to ebb, she gave herself to fasting and prayer, searching the prophets for the mistake that had been made in calculating the time of the end—for the chronological error that would explain *why* the Lord delayed His coming—why all things continued as they were.

What a terrible strain she was under. Her increasing depression slips into the letters she writes to the leaders of the fanaticism. . . . "It is the trial of our faith—the tarrying time. He will surely come. He is at the door."

That she should finally break down physically is not to be wondered at. The long suspense; the prolonged strain upon faith, as again and again she refilled and retimmed the lamp upon her altar, was too great a demand upon even a faith like hers. She withdrew into stricter seclusion. Like Jacob of old, she would wrestle with the Lord. He should tell her if she had been the sport of a delusion.

At last, two years or more after the day went by, the meaning of it all was revealed to her upon the tables of prophecy, with a "thus saith the Lord." . . . Verily she, and no other, was the true anti-type of Esther of Holy Writ. Clearly and unmistakably it was revealed to her as she read her well-worn Bible, that she, Clorinda S. Minor, was called of the Lord. As the anti-type of Esther of old, she must go before the king. She must go to the literal Mount Zion. She must drink of the well in Bethlehem, and satisfy her strange thirst. There only would her path be made plain before her; there she would see the King in His beauty. It was hers to make ready the land of Israel for the King's return. Strange that such blindness had fallen upon Israel; that it had not been seen what must antedate the second coming. Convinced that the Jewish Sabbath should be restored to Christians, she began teaching the same, and her name stands first among the founders of that large and growing sect called "Seventh Day

Adventists." Among the many verses she wrote at this period, a single one shall be given, expressing her new faith concerning the Sabbath and the restoration of the land of Israel:

"Oh, who will go up, and the land now possess,  
In the name of the Highest, His Sabbath redress;  
Who will give to the long desert bowers their bloom,  
And say to His people and ransomed, 'Return'?"

Once more are her wings strengthened for flight; again is she buoyed up with ecstatic elation. She can think and write of nothing but a pilgrimage to Palestine. She is without the means necessary for the journey; her friends oppose her, even her co-believers in the speedy coming shut their ears to her visions, and her interpretations thereof. After she had decided to start at once for Mount Zion, and had announced the date of her departure, and that without ascertaining the first particular concerning routes, and desirable vessels, a friend, all unexpectedly, and unsolicited by her, advanced the money needed. Then "an advent-brother," a man of unblemished reputation, who had fully accepted her new and peculiar views, became impressed with the conviction that he, too, had been called to go to Palestine to make ready the land for the return of the King. They would go together—and it is as plain as can be, inexplicable as it seems, that neither his wife nor her husband made the slightest objection, so perfect was their confidence in the pilgrims. Mrs. Minor's son would go with her, a bright youth in his teens.

"Going up to Jerusalem," in those days, meant more than in these, even to travellers who did not count upon divine intervention at every turn. May 15, 1844, the little company sailed from Marseilles in a common merchant vessel, which (without their having arranged for it, at all, as we read in one of the journals) was ready to sail upon the very day she had fixed upon. That was but one of a long series of "divine interventions," duly noted in the journal which she began writing the first day out at sea; its prelude a page or two of verses, of which the following is a fair sample:

"And now, at length, as like a beacon star,  
A radiance dawns o'er Judah's hills afar.  
Zion, arise! The measured time is come,  
When thy dispersed and torn shall gather home . . ."

"Our ship is old," we read in her journal; "the pilot gave us a rub on one of the last sand bars in the bay, since which we have been obliged to pump every hour. This calls out our faith. . . . Another world is opening to my sight." . . . July 6 they reach Marseilles. Not one of them can speak French. How are they to get to Jerusalem? No one is able to direct them, and everybody is asking how they can think of going there in the height of the sickly season? . . . "Nobody seems ever to have heard of Jerusalem. They care as little about Jerusalem here as in the United States. . . ." But some one is raised up to help them, a traveller just returned from the East, who can speak a little English. He puts them aboard of an English steamer bound for Alexandria—that is two of the party only, as young Minor, on account of ill health, is obliged to return home; more than that, it has been made plain that their resources will not bear the expense of his going any farther. Again are we reminded of the Lady Paula on her pilgrimage to Bethlehem.

Did not she and Father Jerome make the journey alone together? What to them were the comments of the ungodly? . . . "Behold the handmaid of the Lord." Nor was there a breath of suspicion on the part of the husband and wife at home: a dreadful mistake, of course, in Mrs. Minor's career, and disastrous in its final consequences; but in their innocence they did not dream that they could be censured. As brother and sister they went on their way—and were known on the rest of the journey as Mr. and Miss Adams. Had they not Abraham to justify them if needs be? . . .

"As one of our heaviest trunks was taken over the side of the vessel, it fell and sank; but to the surprise of the sailors it came up and was secured. We could not have gone on without it. . . . There are few passengers. This is the terrible sickly season. We are in the second cabin, directly under the first, and we have no air save what little we get through a grating in the floor above us. The heat is fearful."

She sees clearly how much peril and suffering is before her; but never doubts but that her feet will stand upon Mount Zion in the end.

"I dare not anticipate what a detention at Alexandria may be. . . ." The American consul might well be amazed at their arrival. Did they know the risk in visiting Egypt at that time of the year? He tells them that in all probability they will not get away from Alexandria for weeks—that the English mail steamer to Jaffa does not and will not carry passengers. They had better go home as soon as possible. But nothing could turn them back. They would trust "in deliverance"—upon crossing the sea as dry land. . . . "This is a severe trial of faith. From the effect of the heat and the fatigue of landing I have been confined to my bed with dysentery. . . . We have comfortable lodgings at two dollars a day at an Italian house. . . ." They learn that they must be detained a month at least—then comes the joy at hearing of a small rice-brig that is to sail at once for Beyroot; to them a marked sign of divine interposition. That Beyroot was one hundred miles from Jaffa signified little to them; nor how they would be transported over that one hundred miles. Then detention at Beyroot would be ten times worse than at Alexandria—but it was not for them to plan their journey in detail; and they go aboard of the wretched rice-brig, which has neither cabin nor awnings, and is already overcrowded with miserably poor Arabs and Jews. They have no difficulty in securing passage, and a sort of tent is made for them at one end of the vessel. . . . "This is indeed a new way of travelling; but I will hope all things, and go forward. Our vessel is small—no bulwarks, and so heavily laden that we are hardly above water. The boat is literally crowded with human beings, seated upon matting spread over the rice. We cannot stand upright. We borrow mats in the heat of the day and cover our thin tent. We have to be somewhat intimate with our fellow passengers, and many of them have sore eyes, and, what is worse, 'a creeping plague' is on their clothing. . . ." She tries to learn their language by letting them bring to her various articles, repeating after them the names in Arabic. She gives them healing ointment for their eyes, and medicine for their ailments. . . . And the heavens were as brass, and the sea as molten glass. But did not the Hebrew children pass through the fiery furnace? A slight wind shows her what poor sailors

\* Philadelphia for rubber shoes.

they have; . . . "the brig turned round and round, for all that the captain and mate were at the helm." "How providential," she writes, "that we made the voyage in summer. A winter voyage would have been perilous with such navigators."

"About noon to-day, seventy-one days since we left Philadelphia, there was a general outcry of *Terra! terra!*" and then from her tent, where she lay gasping with exhaustion, she beheld the *promised land!* It was but a shadowy line in the distance, but it was the shore that she had prayed to see. Upon landing, "a direct son of Abraham" sprang overboard, and took her in his arms and carried her ashore, overwhelming her with "a solemn sense of having been welcomed indeed by the true Israel to the Land of Promise."

"What brings you here at this season?" was their greeting at Beyroot. "Are you bent upon self-destruction?" They must spend twelve days in quarantine; fever and dysentery were raging, and only the most wretched accommodations could be had. Mrs. Minor was prostrated at once, and became alarmingly ill. . . . "As I lay upon my bed" (a mat on the stone floor), "I reflected upon the step of faith that had led me there." Mosquitoes, fleas, lizards and vermin abounded. . . . "I had still a few crackers which I had brought from Egypt, but they were full of worms. These I broke and soaked and ate with a little sweet oil and rice. At length our prison was unlocked, and two Arabs with a boat from the consul came for us. They would put us on board of an Arab felluka going to Jaffa. Emaciated and weak, it was with difficulty I gained the boat. After rowing a mile in the sun we reached a small open craft without deck or awning. Two or three wild-looking men, with only a short apron around the waist, pulled us in, and, having cleared away a little space among the ballast, spread down my mat. . . . Exhausted with pain and fatigue, I lay down and drew my umbrella before my face. Would God accept the offering of my life? There were only a few of those poor crackers left. Before me was a voyage under that burning sun, and the prospect of another detention, and still more wretched difficulties at Jaffa. . . ."

If she thought upon Jonah and his dried up gourd, she does not mention it in her journal.

"It was growing dark, when we heard an English voice calling our names, and we saw a boat along side. . . . It was the captain of an American steamer, which had arrived in Beyroot a few hours before, and hearing that two of his countrymen were in that strange port in trouble, had gone in search of them, taking them at once aboard of his vessel, an "intervention" which deeply moved her, as well it might. . . . "This unexpected deliverance in the night, on the sea, among wild Arabs, was as if an angel had been sent down to us from heaven." She attaches great significance to the fact that it was the first American vessel that had ever visited Beyroot; it means much to her that it had had a surprisingly rapid passage of thirty-seven days from New York. "If it had been an ordinary time I should have perished."

But still it is withheld from her to know just the work she is to do, to know when her feet shall stand upon Mount Zion, when she shall quench her thirst at the well-spring of Bethlehem. "I have no designs of my own, not knowing the things that shall befall me in the end."

(To be continued.)

## THE EUCHARISTIC VOICES OF THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.

BY THE REV. MAUNSELL VAN RENSSELAER, D.D., LL.D.

### THE TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

#### THE COLLECT.

O Almighty and most merciful God, of Thy bountiful goodness keep us, we beseech Thee, from all things that may hurt us; that we, being ready both in body and soul, may cheerfully accomplish those things which Thou commandest; through Jesus Christ, our Lord. *Amen.*

The Eucharistic Lesson in the collect, Epistle and Gospel of this day is readiness and cheerfulness in accomplishing whatsoever God commands. For this we address Him as "Almighty and most merciful God," and we pray Him "of His bountiful goodness to keep us from all things that may hurt us." Knowing the greatness of the work which we have been called in our baptism to accomplish, our feebleness and inconstancy, our many failures, the hindrances which Satan sets in our path, we need to cry that we may be delivered and kept from all hindrances in our vocation, so that we may be free to "serve the Lord with gladness."

"The things which may hurt us" and hinder us in "cheerfully accomplishing" God's commandments with readiness of body and soul, are very clearly set before us in the Epistle and Gospel. No one can be "ready" to do his Lord's will who does not "walk circumspectly," watching His eye and listening for His Word. Unreadiness for useful work is the fruit of folly which wastes and does not "redeem the time." He must be unready who is "unwise and not understanding what the will of the Lord is"; and so with him who is "drunk with wine wherein is excess." No one can be ready who is "heady, high-minded," not submitting himself to law and authority "in the fear of God." Such were the guests in the Gospel parable, who refused to come to the marriage feast when called by the king's servants; while those who were found in the highways were ready for the call and were welcomed to the marriage. But he whom the king found without a wedding garment showed by his silence as well as his rags that he was not ready for a place in the festive throng. "Be ye also ready" was the impressive warning of our blessed Lord. The wise virgins in the parable being "ready" alone went in to the marriage, "and the door was shut."

"Being ready both in body and soul" because God has made them both and will be served by both. The eyes must be turned from vanity and lifted up to Him "That dwelleth in the heavens." The ears must be closed to falsehood, folly, and foulness, and open to the words of truth and righteousness. From the mouth no corrupt communication must proceed, "but that which is good to the use of edifying." The hands must be unstained by wantonness, theft, or violence, and clean to work what is good and to be lifted up to God in holy worship. The feet must be kept from the evil way, and shod with the "preparation of the Gospel of peace." The Body and Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ are given in Holy Communion to preserve our body as well as our soul unto everlasting life; our body is the "temple of the Holy Ghost." To be ready in it as well as in the soul cheerfully to accomplish those things which God commands, is our privilege, our high vocation.

Our work for God we would do "cheerfully." No other temper is suit-

able for it. This is the teaching of the Epistle. "Be filled with the Spirit; speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs; singing and making melody in your hearts; giving thanks always for all things to God and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ." It is illustrated in the parable of the marriage of the king's son, at which every guest must wear the wedding garment expressive of the holy joy which alone can suit the great festivity of such a solemn service. Our divine Lord was consecrated with the "oil of gladness." "I will offer in His dwelling an oblation with great gladness; I will sing and speak praises unto the Lord," is the inspired utterance of the cheerfulness with which the saints of God "accomplished that which He commanded." "Thy statutes have been my songs in the night season." "I have applied my heart to fulfil Thy statutes even unto the end," so did the Psalmist declare the hearty cheerfulness of his obedience with both body and soul ready and watching to hear what the Lord would have him to do. In the name "Eucharist" or Thanksgiving, which the Church gives to the mystical sacrifice which our Lord ordained as her great act of worship, we proclaim our earnest purpose to serve Him cheerfully in all things.

"To-day's collect is redolent with the fragrance and resonant with the teaching of the two Scriptures from which it is taken. And as the shuttle of the weaver passes rapidly from warp to woof, gathering from both the threads with which to make the substance of the fabric; so quickly do our thoughts pass from precept to parable, and back from Gospel to Epistle to gather up the words and thoughts we weave into the prayer. We look for the benignant goodness of God indifferently in either Scripture. The one tells us of the refreshment of the Holy Spirit of God, so given without stint that men may be filled with Him; and the other sets before us that rich feast growing in richness when the Gospel privileges have come in, to which all are bidden and even constrained to come, and at which the wedding garment is prepared for all" ("Mosaics," etc., by Bishop W. C. Doane).

## CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

### THE ROSEBUD ROOM.

BY HAL OWEN.

CHARLOTTE perched herself up in a chair by the window to think it all over. It was such "a splendid plan" that mamma had told her of.

You can see for yourselves what a happy one it is by the way she looks, can't you? But you can't tell just what it is. You see it was almost Charlotte's birthday, and she and her mother had talked it over this morning, and had decided that her birthday present should be a beautiful new room to have all to herself.

Not really a new room, for it was already built, and had been used for a second-best guest-room all these years while Charlotte had been a little girl; but now it was to be all "done over" and furnished just for her. All in pink, her favorite color, and it was to be called the rose-bud room. Wasn't that sweet? How lovely it would be!

Mamma had told her all about it beforehand, that she might have the fun and the experience of planning and selecting all the things. They were to go in town that very afternoon to stay several days at uncle Harry's, and that

and uncivilized life, such as strife, quarrelling, war drunkenness, licentiousness and self-indulgence generally—is the sky ever likely to become clear in these directions? In some form or other, human depravity shows itself everywhere, and even in Christian communities we have attained to nothing higher than a conflict between Amalek and Israel, in which, on the whole, the better force can only hold the worse in check. Take away the spiritual force; abolish religion; leave human nature to its natural impulses; leave human passion to burst out unchecked like the fires of a thousand volcanoes, and beyond all doubt Mr. Greg's would become the only remedy; it would be a blessing for the earth to be burnt up. It is amusing to hear socialists speak of the spirit of altruism, as if it could be installed as sovereign of the world by a mere mechanical change in the distribution of wealth. Was there ever such a fallacy? Was ever such blindness shown to the position and power of selfishness, lying, as it does, at the very core of our nature? The most remarkable display of altruism the world ever saw was at that Hebrew feast, the "Pentecost," fifty days after the death of Christ. Did that spring from political economy?

Is it not sufficiently plain that the "good time coming," if it is to come, must be the result of Christian forces? But, even when we look in this direction, the course is by no means clear. Was there ever a time when Christianity had a better chance than in the first three centuries? The dew of its youth lay on it, it fell on the world in all its freshness and purity; it seemed as if it would carry all before it. But how soon the salt began to lose its savor! Where is the Christianity of Asia to-day? The morning came but also the light. Close to the greatest spiritual force the world has ever known there seems to lie an element of decay. How is this? Why does the great Master allow such elements of weakness and even of mischief to mingle with the forces of the kingdom? Why are tares allowed to be sown with the wheat? Why is even the new creation made subject to vanity? Why does the highest style of devotion and consecration breed elements of reaction that ultimately have a corrupting effect? Why did the unworldliness of the early ascetics give birth to the corruption of the monasteries? In England, the Puritanism of the seventeenth century was followed by the deism of the eighteenth. In Scotland, the covenanting century was followed by that of moderation; in New England, the intensity of the Pilgrim fathers was followed by the cold negations of Unitarianism. We cannot predict continuity for the purest movements; the fervor out of which they sprang may, in a generation or two, become formalism and lukewarmness; a modern Ephesus will lose its first love; a modern Laodicea will become lukewarm; the first may become last; the candlestick may be removed out of its place; nay, the Church may become so corrupt that its great Head in disgust may have to spue it out of His mouth.

It is this strange law of history that we have to confront when we indulge in dreams of "the good time coming."

Nevertheless, and in spite of this law, we may say with the poet, "Come it will for a' that." The one certainty of the future is that Israel, not Amalek, is to prevail in the end. "The wolf shall dwell with the lamb." Yes, in the end; but when is the end to be? We naturally shrink from a very remote consummation. Our nature is adapted only to

short periods of time. Geological ages overwhelm us. It is with the Lord only and not with man that one day is as a thousand years and a thousand years as one day. We look out eagerly for the time of the end. Yes, and the end is very near, say some students of prophecy. But at the end of the tenth century, the whole Church believed that the end was just at hand; yet after that, it has had nine centuries of very chequered history. We are continually finding cause to recall the Lord's word: "It is not for you to know the times and the seasons which the Father hath put in His own power."

Undoubtedly a good time is coming; but after what manner will it come? Christians are divided in opinion between two methods; the one, the gradual advance of Christianity under a large communication of the power of the Holy Spirit; the other a sudden and startling effect to be realized by the personal coming of the Lord. In either case, how strong is the call to intense diligence and consecration on the part of every disciple! If the Master may at any moment appear personally, who among us but must desire to be found "with his loins girt and his lamp burning"? If, on the other hand, for the present at least, we must work on as the Church has been working during the last nineteen hundred years, who but must desire that we may enjoy a far larger measure of spiritual power, and be able to make a much deeper and more extensive impression on a world that lieth in wickedness? The Christian Church as a whole is too like a steam engine working at low pressure; the breath of heaven and the fire of heaven are urgently needed to give force and intensity to the machinery. On the eve of the twentieth century, who but must feel intensely desirous that it shall be a century of unequalled growth and holy progress, "like the shining light shining more and more unto the perfect day"?

The perfect day! But can we reasonably look for the perfect day? Granting even that the Church shall rise in the twentieth century to extraordinary spiritual power, who can guarantee her against a new crop of tares? These reactions, these retrogressions of spiritual life that have marked the nineteen centuries, and "turned awry" the current of many an enterprise "of great pith and moment" until it has "lost the name of action"—how are they to be prevented in the future? If the past history of the Church has been like the fable of Sisyphus, if the stone rolled with much effort too near the top of the mountain has hitherto always come slipping down, how is this catastrophe to be avoided now? We have at least this to comfort us, that the case is in the hands of the Church's great Head, and that the fitting but certain hour of triumph is well known to Him. We may also rest assured that the time of the sowing of tares is a limited time, and that as the spider which Robert the Bruce watched in the barn at length reached the roof, after some seventeen failures, so, after all her retrogressions, the Church shall one day stand on that pinnacle of glory to which we are ever looking forward. And may not the present be the season of the ultimate triumph? And if not, if new reactions and backslidings are to occur, who will be responsible for these reactions and backslidings? No doubt the Church as a whole, by becoming lukewarm and worldly. But the Church as a whole would not become lukewarm and worldly unless its individual members turned

careless and self-indulgent. No Christian who is taking things easy can be sure, if a reaction shall occur, that a portion of the sin will not lie at his door. Nay, rather, he may be sure that it will. Anyhow, let each disciple see that he does what he can to prevent reaction. Let him watch and pray lest the spirit of the world gain upon him. Let him do all he can to secure that, both at home and abroad, the Church shall advance with sure and steady motion, whatever be the forces of opposition leagued against her. Let there be no compromise or surrender on her part. This is ever the attitude that becomes her, the attitude that is incumbent on her. And if this be her attitude when the Lord comes again, for we all look for that blessed hope at some time, she may be very sure that her patient and earnest efforts will in no degree hinder, but gloriously help, the grand consummation, when from the throne the Master issues His grand proclamation, and every creature in heaven and earth, and in the sea, and such as are under the sea obey Him—"Behold, I make all things new!"

Edinburgh, Scotland.

### A FANATIC AND HER MISSION.

A Story Historical.

BY JANE MARSH PARKER.

#### III.

Sept. 5, 1849, finds Mrs. Minor at the Jaffa gate of Jerusalem, one of a party including the captain (her deliverer) and his wife. They go to a hotel kept by an English Jew, Meshullam. The house is closed for the summer, but Meshullam is not far off, *only in Bethlehem*; he can be sent for, and will come at once. That she should become the guest of a man who had a summer home in Bethlehem—a little farm there—is to her but another proof that she is carrying out some mysterious intention, every detail of which has been written by the prophets of old. Meshullam hastens to receive his guests (an unusual windfall for him at that season of the year). . . . "We have found a friend in our host. He is a converted Jew. If we will reside in his family at Bethlehem, he engages to pay all our expenses, and conduct us to the Jordan, and the few localities we are bound in spirit to visit, and all at a most reasonable charge. We humbly realize the hand of the Lord in thus providing for our necessities."

In Meshullam they behold "a second Nebuchadnezzar"; "a second Nehemiah"; "a tree of righteousness." His little farm at Bethlehem interests them most seriously. Does it signify naught that it is the very first successful experiment in cultivating the soil of Palestine by a Christian Jew? Then, Meshullam is a firm believer in the speedy coming and the ingathering of the wandering sons of Israel. He discovers new interpretations of the unfulfilled prophecies. That the tabernacle of David will be rebuilt in his day, and under his eye, he has not a shadow of doubt. He knew they were coming, that some one would be sent to help him do the work he believed he had been raised up of the Lord to do. He is consumed with zeal to teach his pauperized brethren of Palestine how to make the land of their fathers blossom again as the rose.

"Meshullam now raises five crops per year of different kinds of European vegetables. . . . In October he

plants potatoes; in January carrots or beans; in April potatoes again; in July he gets beans in twenty-eight days; in August another crop of beans. . . . She gives herself at once to writing the "Life of Meshullam." The little book is among these papers, a record of his persecution in England for the faith of his fathers, and his devotion to the deliverance of modern Israel. He, too, is a Seventh Day Adventist. Together they read the prophecies; there is a wonderful harmony in their interpretations thereof. She goes to Mount Zion. . . . "Behold its slopes are already ploughed as a field," and then she notes what seems rather prosaic to us, how the squashes and cauliflowers are growing, for all that it was the dry season, and everything else was drying up. . . . "Oh, that a few brethren," sighed Meshullam, "would come and help me to till this desolate land; then it would blossom as the rose!"

At last the desire of her heart is granted—she stands within the walls of Bethlehem.

A room is given her above a little court where horses and donkeys are tethered, the inn and the manger for her are combined. . . . "A clean mat had been spread on the plastered floor, and upon the deep sill of the window stood a bottle of water which had been drawn from a well-spring of Bethlehem. . . . —the drinking of which from a modern cup, and with such commonplace surroundings, satisfied fully the strange thirst which had first prompted her to undertake her pilgrimage.

Her journal describes in detail her visit to many notable places in the Holy Land, and is most interesting reading. Everything is looked upon with prophetic vision; the Bible is her guide book. Gradually her special mission defines itself. Upon returning to Jerusalem, Oct. 24, 1849, the fifth anniversary of the tenth day of the seventh month, she writes: "This day will ever be revered by this poor heart of mine. This afternoon we visited the synagogues in which the Jews have been mourning all day," telling how she, too, sat down upon the smooth stones and bowed her head and covered her face while she prayed for the removal of the desolation of the land—for the return of the glory of Zion.

At last she knows for a certainty what she has been called to do.

She is to go home at once, and raise funds for an "Agricultural Manual Labor School in Palestine," returning to her co-worker, Meshullam, as soon as possible. She was greatly perplexed to know whether the return voyage should be by England or not, but finally it was made more than plain that she must go home by England. . . . "We had a fearful voyage of seventy-two days," she writes of the passage from Jaffa to England. "I had severe chills and fever. Our berths were wet; our rigging rent and torn, and we barely escaped shipwreck." In England her project—which she presented with a revival of her old eloquence, awakened much interest, and a gentleman of means and position became her co-worker, assuming the charge of such letters and freight as might in time be forwarded to Meshullam from the United States. . . . "Here I saw why I had been sent to England; there is no direct communication between the United States and Palestine."

April, 1850, she is at home again. She devotes herself with her characteristic fervor to the Manual Labor School. The remnant of Father Miller's fol-

lowers had not greatly decreased, strange as it seems, and the majority took up the Palestine Mission with enthusiasm. It was much to this disappointed people to have such an interesting and absorbing topic to think and talk about in "the tarrying time," and then it fully explained why the end had not been on the tenth day of the seventh month. How plain it was that the land of promise must first be made habitable before it might become the very centre of the earth, drawing all men unto it.

Those were the days, as many of the little Millerites of that time will remember, when the dreary vacuum which the meetings of the Adventists had become since the quick expectancy of the tenth-day movement had ebbed to lowest tide, gave way before what was akin to the Gospel of the former day. Meshullam and his farm at Bethlehem, and all that the prophets had foretold of the result of the Manual Labor School, made those meetings most interesting, even to youngsters who had become perfectly indifferent to warnings of an impending conflagration, and could laugh at the charts and the wooden model of Nebuchadnezzar's image, which the preachers took down so beautifully, kingdom by kingdom, until the feet alone were left for smiting by the stone cut from the mountain without hands. They had had overmuch of the Little Horn; and the seven vials, and the Battle of Armageddon—those poor little Millerites—and it was like a new story-book to hear about Meshullam, and his squashes and cauliflowers, and the wild Arabs who wanted to learn farming; and they gave their pennies gladly for sending plows and garden seeds, and jack-knives and "gum shoes," etc., to Jerusalem, confusing as it was to some of them who had believed that they should see Jerusalem coming down from above the steeples some day. Children have been taught strange things for the salvation of their souls, but only the little Millerites can tell what such teaching as theirs was to them individually, and what the Palestine Mission brought by way of a blessed change.

But the Adventists were by no means the only support of Mrs. Minor and her Manual Labor School, in fact the mission was pretty well appropriated by the Presbyterians, and the Seventh Day Baptist—the Jews of the United States taking not a little interest in it through the kind words ever spoken of it by one of their organs, The Occident, as well as by other of their publications. "It is the only plausible plan," said The Presbyterian, "of benefiting the Jews in the Holy Land. The future Palestine, in the light of prophecy, is full of interest to the Church of Christ." A considerable fund was raised through the effort of The Presbyterian for the school.

When Mrs. Minor was ready to go back to Palestine she could have taken a large colony of co-workers with her, but she chose to begin with a picked few, calling for accessions as needed. Nov. 3, 1851, she sailed from Philadelphia, with seven co-workers, enthusiasts of her project; among them a mechanic, a farmer, and a gardener. Her son was one of the party. She was then a widow. Tents, household furniture, mechanical and farming implements, clothing, medical stores, etc., made up the large cargo that had been freely given for the mission.

In due time the eagerly expected leaflet, "Tidings from Jerusalem," was received in the United States, the first

report of the first Agricultural Manual Labor School in Palestine, written by Mrs. Minor, and which passed through several editions. A copy is among these papers. "O Mountains of Israel," is its prelude, "ye shall shoot forth your branches, and yield your fruit to my people Israel, for they are at hand to come. . . ."

The Tidings had been penned under the roof of Meshullam, in the midst of the unpacking of goods and the pitching of tents. The journey had been a series of divine interventions. At every step the pilgrims had seen some marked proof of what was *at hand* in the fulfilment of prophecy, for the land of Judea. . . . "The commerce at Beyroot has increased prodigiously within the last two years. Until recently the rains have been so light and irregular it was impossible to raise vegetables. Now there is a plenitude of rain, even showers in September. . . ."

Meshullam had wept with joy upon their arrival. He had become the centre of public interest. The Sultan, who had heard with favor of his agricultural enterprise, had offered him the site of ancient Caesarea, "where the soil is remarkably fertile," if he would locate the colony there; but Meshullam's heart was fixed upon the old site high unto the walls of Jerusalem. As she wrote, she could see from her open door, Meshullam, her son, and a wild Arab out in the field together planting potatoes. . . . "We brought half a barrel of sweet potatoes with us, and not one decayed on the long and damp voyage. This we esteem a great favor of the Lord. Dr. Barclay brought out a whole barrel last year, and but one potato was preserved." A few weeks later she writes: "Through the wet season our terraces and rooms have been occupied by the sickly residents of the crowded and filthy town of Jaffa. It has been a sweet reward to see their emaciated little ones playing in our orange groves, and rejoicing in the sunshine. . . ."

The colonists built a large and comfortable house at a cost of some eight hundred dollars. A tide of beneficence from the United States set in strong and steadily for the Manual Labor School in Palestine. Sir Moses Montefiore endorsed it and could be counted as one of its friends. . . . "We are here to labor," we read in one of these old letters from Mrs. Minor, "to suffer, and, after spending our all, if God wills, to perish in the attempt to emancipate from worse than American slavery the Hebrew captives of Palestine. Our poor Jewish brethren are so enfeebled by want and inaction, that for the first year they will not be able to work efficiently, even with our support. Many are constantly coming and going from Artas, begging to live with us and to work in cultivating the soil. They come out in little companies, and spend the night, and tell us their griefs, and we give them supper and breakfast, with a few piasters, and a bag of corn, cucumbers, etc., to carry home. They tell us, not infrequently, that our coming here is a sign that the Messiah is near and that He will bless the land. They love us because we keep their Sabbath." Alas! that this rosy glow should have been dispelled.

Barely two months after the pitching of the tents on Meshullam's farm, there was a great and sudden change in the home-letters of the colonists. They were grievously disappointed in Meshullam. In short there had been a quarrel. He was no longer "a tree of righteousness," but "a bramble set full of thorns."



He was unsanctified, even satanic—a schemer and adventurer, a deceiver of the elect. Meshullam was writing letters, too, and the colonists, from his standpoint, were lazy, thriftless, they had imposed upon him and his family, they were anything but what the re-builders of the New Zion should be. And then (alas! alas!), why had Mrs. Minor come to Palestine as Miss Adams in the first place? Truly Meshullam, (accepting that he was as bad as they said) had one weapon they could poorly withstand.

The unpleasantness soon culminated in open rupture; and one day when Meshullam attempted to turn the colonists out of the house, built by their funds and stocked with their stores, they had got the better of him, and barricaded—holding their fort until it was decided in conference between the United States and the British Consuls (Meshullam was a subject of Great Britain), that the premises should be vacated and the door sealed until the dispute had legal adjustment.

"The little band which migrated from Philadelphia," wrote Dr. Duffield to the Christian Observer from Jerusalem, April 3, 1853, "have encountered difficulties and are straitened in their way. . . ." He took sides with his countrymen. So did Dr. Barclay, a Virginian, then living in Jerusalem, who opened his house to them, as did others of the resident missionaries; a strong feeling setting in against Meshullam—and yet there were not a few who took up his side in the bitter quarrel.

It was a serious blow to the mission. The colonists never returned to "the favored site at Artas" from which they held they had been forcibly driven by the unprovoked and unjust persecutions of the English Consul and his friends in Jerusalem. They made a new settlement upon the plains of Sharon, three miles north of Jaffa, and named their new home Mount Hope. In a little while they were at work again, such as had not been so disillusioned as to have gone home, with new and possibly private interpretations of unfulfilled prophecy.

(To be concluded.)

### THE EUCHARISTIC VOICES OF THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.

BY THE REV. MAUNSELL VAN RENSSELAER,  
D. D., LL. D.

#### THE TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

##### THE COLLECT.

Grant, we beseech Thee, merciful Lord, to Thy faithful people, pardon and peace, that they may be cleansed from all their sins, and serve Thee with a quiet mind; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

We prayed last Sunday that God of His "bountiful goodness would keep us from all things that may hurt us"; and the end for which we sought this was supremely His glory, "that we, being ready both in body and soul, may cheerfully accomplish those things which He commandeth." But while putting forth our utmost efforts to accomplish them we become painfully conscious of many a weight from the frailty of our nature and the "sin which doth so easily beset us." We are fain to cry, "Have mercy upon me, O Lord, for I am weak; O Lord, heal me, for my soul is vexed"; "God, Thou knowest my feebleness, and my faults are not hid from Thee." "Cleans Thou me from my secret faults; keep Thy servant also from presumptuous sins." This is the conviction which

gives its tone to the Fourth Advent Sunday collect—"Through our sins and wickedness we are sore let and hindered in running the race that is set before us."

It is the prayer of God's "faithful people" for "pardon and peace that they may be cleansed from all their sins and serve Him with a quiet mind." As being "faithful" or believing they must be penitent, for "if we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us; but if we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." To this our blessed Lord calls us by the petition in His prayer, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us," thus testifying our daily need to use it. "Son, be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee," was His healing word to the palsied penitent. "Thy sins be forgiven thee, go in peace," He said to each one seeking His forgiving mercy. Peace is the fruit of pardon, without which we cannot be assured of its reality. Therefore in our collect we pray for both, for while sin stands unpardoned it bars the way into our hearts of that most precious gift which our Lord bestowed when He said to His apostles, "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you."

And we pray for pardon and peace, not only "that we may be cleansed from all our sins," but also that we "may serve God with a quiet mind." So essential is this to a true service, that the Church most solemnly warns us to prepare for the Holy Communion by seeking "a quiet conscience" with repentance, confession, and absolution, "with a full trust in God's mercy." "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee" was the assurance of Isaiah. "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength" was the promise of God to all who obey Him.

"The Epistle and the Gospel, thoughtfully considered, are seen to harmonize with the collect in the trains of thought which they suggest. The collect sues for peace. But peace implies and presupposes war, and the Epistle speaks of a state of war and lifelong conflict in which the true Christian is engaged, and in the course of which he cannot but occasionally sustain defeats and receive wounds. This is the war against principalities and powers, in which, unless we take to ourselves the whole armor of God, we shall infallibly be worsted. Our being worsted implies that we sin; and sin must be met by pardon, and the sense of pardon shed abroad in the heart gives peace, in the strength of which we may successfully pursue our warfare. In the Gospel we have the story of the nobleman of Capernaum, whose son was at the point of death. He had a little faith; for his coming to Christ implied so much, and, moreover, it is said of him, 'the man believed the word that Jesus had spoken unto him'; but it was not a large, generous faith, like that of the centurion of Capernaum; he could not rise to the idea that by a word, at a distance, our Lord could heal the sick; he fancied that He must be on the spot in order to work the miracle; 'Sir, come down,' he exclaims, 'ere my child die.' Which words indicate not only the scanty measure of his faith, but also that which is the invariable accompaniment of scant faith, scant comfort. His faith does not go far enough to give him peace; he is worried and anxious about results, grudges every moment that Christ delays to follow him; thinking

that all would necessarily be over, unless the Lord arrived before the breath was out of the child's body, he is not free from care. But the prayer of the collect, as we have seen, is for *peace* and for a 'quiet mind'—the peace which flows from a sense of pardon—such a sense as can only be engendered by a strong and robust faith."

The peace for which we pray in the collect is therefore "not only a peace given, but a peace gained. There is a rest, not only in the reception of Christ (when we are pardoned), but also in the complete submission of the will to His commands and dispensations—in the taking upon us His light yoke and easy burden. The echo of this second rest, which supervenes upon obedience, is heard in the last clause of the prayer—'that they may serve Thee with a quiet mind.' The beginning of peace comes of simply going to Christ, or through Christ to God; the subsequent peace comes of the devoted service which after pardon we yield to Him. Be it remembered that, soothing as peace with God is, it implies and can only be realized in warfare with His enemies; and no soul can know from experience what it is in its fulness, until he has wrestled with principalities and powers, and even when not foiled by them, has painfully felt the harassing, and weariness of such a conflict. There is a yoke to be carried and a burden to be borne; and rest unto the soul cannot possibly be maintained, however it may be in the first instance tasted, without carrying and bearing it."

—Dean Goulburn on the Collects.

### CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

#### LITTLE MARSH-ROSEMARY.

BY PRISCILLA H. DRONE.

Little Marsh-Rosemary sat by the road,  
When 'long came a-hopping a big hoppy-toad;

Little Marsh-Rosemary shut her blue eyes,  
She shook and she trembled in fearful surprise.

"Little Marsh-Rosemary," toady did say,  
"Come, open your eyes on this sunshiny day;

Your eyes are the fairest in all of the town,  
And nobody cares though so poor be your gown."

Little Marsh-Rosemary opened her eyes,  
She looked at his face in a gladsome surprise.

No longer he seemed but an ugly old toad,  
Because unto her his kind heart he had showed.

#### NELLIE'S TEMPTATION.

BY L. LAMB.

WHEN Nellie Musgrave came home from school on Friday afternoon, she found uncle John comfortably seated in the big rocking-chair.

"Hullo, Miss Midget! Why, you really have grown!" he said, taking her up on his lap for a good hug and a shower of kisses. "Yes," he added, with a merry twinkle in his blue eyes, "I declare that you really have grown, one-tenth of an inch! How are you getting on at school? Head of the spelling class, I suppose?"

"No," answered Nellie, "not head, but next to head. But I've been next to head for two weeks," she added, proudly.

"Why don't you get head, then?"

"Sara Marsh is head, and she never misses, never," and she shook her head with a mournful air.

"If at first you don't succeed, try, try again," sang uncle John, and con-

however necessary and proper might be His means of fulfilling it, it were still a trial to faith to imagine Him watching from a distance and a place of peace this hurly-burly of sin and pain and shame and despair. It is another thing when He comes through Jesus His Son into the midst of the battle, and Himself receives its most cruel wounds, when down the ages He is touched with the feeling of our infirmities, and in the midst of the Throne there is a Lamb as He once was slain. There is hope and strength in this remembrance that the sorrow of the world is the sorrow of God, and the Redeemer of the world is God Himself.

### A FANATIC AND HER MISSION.

#### A Story Historical.

BY JANE MARSH PARKER.

(Concluded.)

Mrs. Minor had suffered keenly; but she had not faltered, nor lost courage, and the loyalty of her followers, even when they withdrew from the colony was, as far as these letters show, faithful to the last. Here is a glimpse of the work when the cyclone was over: "This week our sisters are preparing their new clothes for the Passover, and presents for their friends in Jerusalem. They will take a camel-load of vegetables to Jerusalem to give to the poor. . . ." In a notice of the mission in The Presbyterian about that time, we read: "To Mrs. Minor's extraordinary and self-sacrificing effort may be traced what is being done for the restoration of the cultivation of Palestine by Jewish labor."

Sir Moses Montefiore had come to the rescue of the mission in its dark day, and bought the lease of the plantation, becoming its chief patron. He was in favor of whatever was opposed to pauperizing the Jews of Palestine. He held that most of the schemes for his people, in Jerusalem particularly, were but making Jerusalem a head centre of indiscriminate if not criminal alms-giving, drawing thither a horde of beggars, who were nourished for no good to themselves nor anybody else. Teaching the Jews of the country to earn their bread by farming was then an innovation indeed, and Mrs. Minor must stand as the foremost pioneer of the movement. To-day the colonies where farming is taught in Palestine are said to number over 2,000, one-half of which are wholly supported by the Rothschilds—the candidates for instruction receiving a small stipend monthly, a house, school, medical attendance, etc.

But she never saw the fulfilment of her dreams. It was a murky glimpse that she had, at the best, of her promised land. As the antitype of Esther she must often have questioned why she was kept so long in waiting outside of the King's chambers—why she might not go in and behold His full glory. How pitiful, and yet how can we help smiling, when she dilates so cheerily to the last upon the cauliflowers, the squashes, and the beans, growing upon the slopes of Zion; and her chronicling of the unusual early and later rains? If she ever lost heart, she did not betray it in any of these old letters, not even in those she wrote in her last illness. For some three months before her death—let us call it her translation—she was painfully ill with the malignant dysentery prevailing, and she had no physician. She was almost alone, her son and an

adopted daughter representing, with herself, the remnant of the colony. . . . Nov. 6, 1855, her release came—her summons to go before the King.

It was but a little company that followed her remains to the grave—that lonely, forgotten grave of to-day on the plains of Sharon—a company made up chiefly of natives, those to whom she had been a true missionary, and whose tears fell upon her sad, wasted face when the bright Syrian sunshine lighted it up for the last time. "It is the end of the mission," said one of them. "No, it is the beginning," said another. "She has not sown and planted in prayer for naught."

From the many notices of her death in this country, that one which appeared in The Occident (March, 1856), the Jewish weekly, seems the most significant: ". . . She was a true friend of Israel, notwithstanding her notion that conversion is the best method of making us Jews happy. By her practical labors in horticulture, feeble and lone woman that she was, she has proved that Palestine may be made to bloom under the hand of the husbandman. When the land of Israel again smiles with plenty, let the name of its benefactor, Mrs. Minor, be remembered with a blessing."

And now, who of all the multitude who have founded missions in Palestine is more completely forgotten than she? We, who had read the old letters and journals together, were moved to write to a missionary in Jerusalem (a saintly woman whose views were wonderfully similar to those of Mrs. Minor, and who, too, had been led by prophecy, less than ten years before, to go up to Bethlehem), and ask her to find Mrs. Minor's grave if possible, and tell us if any traces of her work remained in Palestine.

"The bare fact," the missionary replied, "that a Mrs. Minor lived here some forty years ago, hardly survives in the recollection of a few of the oldest inhabitants. Her successor at Mount Hope, a countryman, was brutally murdered by Arabs, and the United States Government sent a man-of-war to Jaffa to investigate the matter, and the murderer was hanged at the yard-arm." She had found Mrs. Minor's grave after much difficulty. A few wild flowers, gathered from the overgrown enclosure, were sent in her letter. "There is a small slab," she wrote, "at the head of the grave, upon which is inscribed: 'Mrs. C. S. Minor, from Philadelphia, U. S. A., Industrial Missionary to the Jews. Died Nov. 6, 1855, aged forty-six years. 'She hath done what she could.'"

How like a wreck cast on a desolate, foreign shore is that grave on the plains of Sharon—a record of a receding tide of fanaticism.

The letter which brought the description of the grave, with the flowers that crumbled to dust upon the yellow pages of the old journal, was speedily followed by the news of the death of the writer of the letter, and that, just after she had written us once again, and that in words identical with what Mrs. Minor would have penned forty years before: "To say that I am contented here gives a faint conception of the joy and delight it is to be in Jerusalem, at this time, witnessing, as we do upon all sides, the fulfilment of prophecy concerning this land. We have seen mighty changes since our residence here; things hasten to the glorious consummation. We are rejoicing in abundant rains, something unusual for this season." (Oh, that she could have read the package of Mrs. Minor's letters, and known of the rains forty

years ago!) "Surely the time to favor Zion is come; the King will soon return in His beauty."

One grave more among the many of those of our countrywomen, near to

" . . . those gray olive slopes that hem Thy tombs and shrines, Jerusalem."

graves of women kindred in faith and in many things to the Lady Paula—women who, like her, believed, with all their hearts, that they had been specially called of the Lord to drink of the well-spring at Bethlehem, and to lay one stone, at least, in the wall of the New Jerusalem.

Were they misled, blind, perversers of divine truth? Who can answer? "Who will venture to say," asked a leading journal (The Presbyterian), soon after Mrs. Minor's death, "that her mission has been in vain? . . . Something has been accomplished for suffering humanity, and we earnestly wish that a colony of intelligent Christian agriculturists of our own Church would now undertake the good work which it has been proved is entirely practicable."

The story of the many missions in Palestine based on the idea of Mrs. Minor's pioneer Manual Labor School of fifty years ago may hardly be omitted from the history of the religious movements of the century.\* Possibly this summary of the package of her old records—now carefully laid away—may yet give her name a place in that history, supplementing the annals of the fanaticisms of the nineteenth century, with what is yet to be fully told—the story of the foundation of the first Agricultural Labor School in Palestine, through the fanaticism of Millerism, of which it was an evolution.

### ALL SAINTS' AND ALL SOULS' DAY.

BY J. K. BLOOMFIELD.

All Saints' Day is an old English festival of the Church, introduced, it is said on account of the impossibility of keeping a separate day for every saint. As early as the fourth century, on the occasions of the persecutions of the Christians, the Sunday after Easter was appointed by the Greek Church for commemorating the martyrs generally. And in the Church of Rome a similar festival was introduced about 160 A.D., March 13, when the old Pantheon, the present rotunda, or Santa Maria del Martir, was consecrated to Mary and all the martyrs.

But the present Festival of All Saints we find was first regularly instituted by Gregory IV., in 835, and appointed to be celebrated on Nov. 1. It was admitted into England about 870, and the choice of the day was doubtless determined by the fact that Nov. 1 was one of the four great annual festivals of the heathen nations of the North. For it was the policy of the Church to supplant heathen by Christian observances; hence there is a lingering of old Druidical sports and superstitious customs closely connected with more sacred rites. And thus, prior to this festival, we find that in Ireland, Scotland, and some parts of England they still keep up their Hallowe'en superstitions.

Beltain, Bealtainn, is the name of a heathen festival common to all the Celtic nations, traces of which have survived to the present day. The name design-

\* The new and extensive agricultural mission of the Rothschilds in Galilee, and that of Sir Holman Hunt, the artist, for the restoration of Jerusalem, have had conspicuous mention in the press recently, but I am unable to give authoritative citations. J. M. P.